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## RETRIEVING RORY'S GRANDMOTHER

by Bruce Moen

*During each of the three LIFELINE® programs Bruce Moen has attended, he says "Progressively better, new ways of approaching different retrieval situations" have been presented to him. In the story you're about to read, Bruce found Rory's grandmother and then watched as those best suited to the task carried out the retrieval. By being willing to trust guidance and observe, he received verifying information for Rory. He's learned that assistance is always waiting in the wings.*

The Monroe Institute's *LIFELINE* program gave me the training, experience, and confidence to explore beyond my existence in the physical world. Through the LOVE, understanding, and teaching of caring trainers, I learned to provide assistance "over there," to locate and assist people who no longer live in physical bodies. As a way of passing this idea along to you...

On occasion, I go to a Saturday morning Bible study at a church I used to attend in Golden, Colorado. Through the years this has become a group of friends who support each other and just happen to gather together for a Bible study at a church. This small, close-knit group has come to understand that I don't necessarily share all their Lutheran beliefs. So the discussions are often lively, fun, and interesting. After a particular Bible gathering last March, in which we'd talked about our images of what comes after this life, a friend named Rory approached me. Her grandmother had died a little over a year before and she asked if I'd check on her. A little surprised that she felt okay about asking, I explained that I'd need her grandmother's name, and Rory wrote it down—Gertrude Euphemia Weatherwax. I still find that aspect of *LIFELINE* retrievals fascinating, that a person's name serves as an unerring address to find them.

For as many times as I have done retrievals, you'd think I'd be supremely confident. Well I'm not. After Rory gave me her grandmother's name I followed my usual pattern. I put it off and put it off, feeling anxious, with "maybe I won't be able to do it again" thoughts drifting in and out occasionally. So now it's Friday night, I'll be seeing Rory tomorrow, and it's time to try. I lay down, relaxed into a state called Focus 10, and checked in with Coach. He's a non-physical friend of mine—a part of me really—who helps and advises me in many ways.

"Coach," I said, "I'd like to be sure that information comes to me that I can share with Rory, that will let her know that I found her grandmother and that she is alright." "OK, Bruce, I'll be glad to help," was his reply.

Then I brought Gertrude's name to mind and moments later I was moving through that familiar, 3D, grainy blackness at a leisurely pace, toward an old woman sitting on a chair. The chair she

was sitting on felt like an old wooden chair, the kind you might find around an old kitchen table. Gertrude was small and frail looking, bent slightly forward at the waist. She seemed to be sitting in her kitchen in the only place familiar enough to feel safe to her. She looked to be in a very confused, distracted state of mind, as if she was not aware of anything in the surroundings beyond her wooden chair. It was like she had almost no contact with any form of reality we would recognize as coherent or sequenced in any way. Whatever was in her awareness seemed fragmented, to the point that she had long ago given up trying to make any sense of things happening around her.

Slowly I moved closer and stopped about six or seven feet away. As I watched, waiting for Gertrude to notice me standing there, I was also waiting for something to occur to me which would “fit” with her—a way to approach her that she would be able to accept. Oftentimes, refraining from jumping into the middle of retrieving a person makes it much easier for both of us. Turning slightly, Gertrude looked over and saw me. A puzzled expression crossed her face. In the next instant I could feel my friend Teena approaching from behind and to my right. Teena passed swiftly between Gertrude and me and then stopped off to my left, standing near where Gertrude was sitting. I watched as two other women approached Gertrude from the same direction. They were both dressed up in their “little old lady bodies.” The one nearest me I recognized as Teena’s grandmother because we’ve worked together before.

I didn’t have a clue who the other woman was until they both approached Gertrude where she sat on the chair. As they got closer Gertrude looked up and saw them. A look of recognition swept over her face and through her body. “Maggie, Maggie, what are you doing here?” Gertrude said as the two old ladies moved toward either side of the chair. Her open-mouthed gaze followed Maggie around. Then the two went closer to help her up from her chair. It was like watching a scene in a nursing home as they slowly bent down, reached for Gertrude’s arms, and gently lifted her up. Gertrude gazed at Maggie the entire time. Then, just as quickly as they appeared, the four of them began to move off—slowly at first, then accelerating rapidly to disappear into the blackness.

It felt like there was nothing more to hang around for; in fact I hadn’t really done that much. So I opened my eyes and got off the bed. I walked to the refrigerator to scrounge something to eat, then sat down at the table to record as much as I could remember. The next morning I went to Saturday Bible study as usual. Afterward I told Rory I’d found her grandmother and that if she would like we could talk about it. We sat down and I told her the story in as much detail as possible. I was a little anxious and wanted to know if Rory could verify anything. She told me her grandmother was very confused and disconnected for the last six to eight months of her life. Every morning she had to be helped to the only place she seemed comfortable. This was a wooden chair in the kitchen of her own house. Although Gertrude’s mother’s name was Margaret, Rory thought it strange that her daughter would call her Maggie. After talking to her

own mother, Rory later confirmed that everyone—including Gertrude—called Margaret “Maggie.”

It was obvious that Rory was uncomfortable and concerned about what I’d told her. Her own beliefs hold that at death we are freed from all afflictions and whisked off to Heaven to reunite with loved ones. The idea of her grandmother remaining in that chair, confused, lost, and alone for over a year of our time, bothered Rory greatly. Probably that’s one of the reasons I continue to do the retrieval work taught in *LIFELINE*. It bothers me too.

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